

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE -
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

RECEIVED
U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS -
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 52

No.

3

AUGUST, 1919

Price

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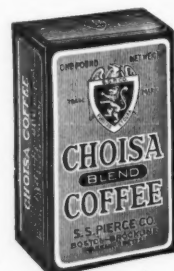
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OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

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TERMS

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Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at the Plimpton Press, Lenox St., Norwood, Massachusetts

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August, 1919

No. 3

AH, great it is to believe the dream
As we stand in youth by the starry stream:
But a greater thing is to fight life through,
And say at the end, "The dream is true!"

EDWIN MARKHAM

HAPPINESS follows kindness as if it were
made never to lose sight of it.

THERE is something better than knowledge —
compassion; something worse than sentiment —
cruelty."

CRUELTY reacts upon the cruel and cuts its
ugly lines deeper and deeper into the substance
of the soul.

IT would be interesting to see a balance sheet
which would show the difference between what
a circus leaves in a town and what it takes out
of it.

TEN THOUSAND Band of Mercy children
should have some share in the Tablet our Society
is to erect in memory of the more than a million
animals fallen in the war.

WE have read that the Veda says, "A husband
should solemnly ask his wife on the occasion of
marriage to be kind to animals and to try
to protect the happiness of all bipeds and quad-
rupeds."

HAVE you made any contribution toward the
Memorial Tablet we are to erect in honor of the
horses, dogs and other animals whose lives were
a part of the price paid for victory? We expect
the tablet to cost about seven hundred dollars.
No matter how small the gift we shall welcome
it. It should come from thousands instead of
from a few.

WHY spend anything for a memorial to the
animals fallen in war? Why not use every
dollar raised for the living animals? We answer,
why do anything to perpetuate the memory of
the human dead? Why not sell the box of
precious ointment and give the proceeds to the
poor? Who generally "waste" (?) the costly
spikenard? Those who do most for the poor.

CRUELITIES IN THE MOVIES

WHILE it is undeniable that many a
cruelty is involved in the preparation
of certain moving picture films, it is also true
that by a trick of the camera a scene may often
be made to appear very much worse than it is.
As an example of this we sent a complaint to
the National Board of Review of Motion Pic-
tures, New York, about the treatment accorded
a donkey as reproduced on the screen. This
is their reply:—

"I have talked with the gentleman in charge
of the production of the picture that you wrote
about recently and find that your correspondent
had been deceived by a photographic trick,
which, as I pointed out in my first letter, was
quite likely. It appears that the particular
scene in question was produced by the camera
being tilted at such an angle that it gave the
impression that the donkey was running up and
down a cliff whereas as a matter of fact the scene
was taken on perfectly level ground and, in-
stead of being pulled by a rope attached to his
tail, the camera was turned backward and
naturally, when the scene appeared on the
screen, it gave the impression of the donkey
being pulled backward.

"It is many of these tricks of the camera that
make motion pictures so interesting and mys-
tifying. We are glad, however, to have any
cases of apparent cruelty to animals referred to
us for investigation and you may be sure that
any such correspondence will have our best
attention."

DOGS AND VIVISECTION

HENRY L. MEYERS, Senator from Mon-
tana, has introduced a bill in the Senate
to prohibit the use of dogs for vivisection. The
splendid work done by dogs in the war, the high
place they have held from time immemorial in
man's regard and friendship, their extraordi-
nary fidelity and devotion to those who love
them—because of this peculiar relationship
existing between man and the dog, friends of
the latter have long been contending he should
no more be used for the purposes of vivisection.
Let us grant freely that this may not be a wholly
consistent attitude to take. However, this
troubles us little. We want the best and most
intelligent friend man has ever had among the
animals below him saved from the laboratory
of the experimenter.

AMERICAN ATROCITIES

WE hear so much of Russian atrocities
and German atrocities it may be well
for us to think a moment of our own atrocities
which, so far as we know, in many cases outrank
in brutality and horror the murders of the
reddest of the red-handed butchers of any other
land. During the past 30 years in the United
States 3,224 people have been murdered by
lynching mobs. Of this number all but a few
were colored citizens. Of the 61 women lynched
50 were colored. It would have been quite
sufficient evidence of the barbarism of these
murderous mobs had their victims simply
been shot or hanged without due process of law,
but to torture by cruelties too unspeakable for
us to describe, as has been done in instance after
instance, is to sink below the level of savagery.
That these things should be permitted in this
land and no remedy swiftly forthcoming would
be incredible were it not true. We have al-
ways maintained that a Government which can
compel its citizens white and black to enlist
under its flag and defend it in peril owes to each
of these citizens the guarantee of every right
assured him under the constitution. Where
the State fails the Government is under as
sacred an obligation to defend and protect its
humblest citizens from such outrages as it is
its representatives at the Courts of Europe.

Mr. Hughes has well said: "To the black
man, who in this crisis has proved his bravery,
his honor and his loyalty to our institutions, we
certainly owe the performance of this duty (of
justice), and we should let it be known from this
time on, in recognition of that supreme service,
that the black man shall have the rights guar-
anteed to him by the constitution of the United
States."

ANIMALS AND THE MOVIES

HOW much interest is taken in animals
apart from any regard for their welfare,
and purely to seek amusement from their suf-
ferings, is evident when one hears that six lions,
four tigers, and a number of panthers, wild
boars and elephants, were transported to the
wild scene for use in a picture. Four lions were
killed before the camera, besides a number of
other wild animals. Well might someone say,
"O Amusement, what cruelties are committed
in thy name!"

JACK LONDON CLUB NEAR 50,000 STRONG

GAIN FOR THE MONTH, 4,395—TOTAL MEMBERSHIP, 48,254

IF you never happened to see this magazine before, probably you are wondering what the Jack London Club is. It's a society with no officers and no dues. It was started, primarily, because of Jack London's disclosures of the cruelties behind the trick animal performances in our theaters and other places. He was no sentimentalist. He never cried "wolf" when there was no "wolf," or asked you to weep when there was no cause for tears. But he says that in the trained animal performance cruelty has blossomed into its perfect flower.

To join this Club all you have to do is to agree to do the one thing that London says will finally banish these performances from the stage, viz.: get up and go out of the theater during that part of the program. Will you do it? If so, please send us your name.

READ JACK LONDON'S "MICHAEL BROTHER OF JERRY"

The book is published by the Macmillan Co. at \$1.50. We will send the "Foreword" free to any asking for it. A COPY OF THE BOOK FREE AS A PRIZE FOR THREE ONE-DOLLAR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO *Our Dumb Animals*, ALSO FOR ONE HUNDRED NEW NAMES TO THE CLUB. Twenty copies of the book have already been given as prizes: several of these to schools.

A Good Word from *Life*, the Unfailing Friend of Animals

IGNORANCE

Massachusetts appears to be the only state where an effort is being made to stop the exhibition of trained animals. A bill is now before the Massachusetts Legislature to "make it unlawful to cause any dumb animal to perform any trick or feat as a part of the performance at any theater or other place of public amusement or entertainment."

The great majority of the American people are extremely sensitive to the suffering of animals. An ill-treated horse on a street breeds instant champions.

The reason why animals are exploited for stage purposes is due to the widespread ignorance with regard to their treatment. Audiences see only the results, which are frequently astonishing. They do not realize the persistent cruelty that almost invariably precedes the results. It is generally true that no animal can be taught to do tricks without cruelty, carried out beforehand with a fiendish disregard for the animal. At the base is the commercial instinct. It is all very horrible when the facts come out; and now the "movies" are guilty. The cruelty in training is done in secret. The courts ignore this, because public opinion has not yet been sufficiently aroused.

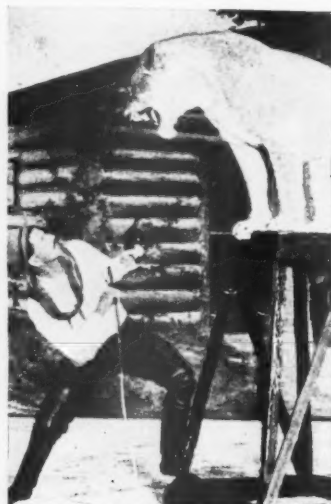
It is a slow business to get the facts before the public, but it is being done through the Jack London Club, which already has a membership of thirty thousand, and is rapidly increasing.

From Another Friend of Animals, the *New Bedford Standard*

THE WHIP

An act of trained monkeys was shown in a local theater this week. How many who saw it, we wonder, noticed the most important member of the troupe.

The monkeys themselves? The trainer? Neither of them.



Courtesy of Everybody's Magazine

A DETAIL OF TRAINING IS THE FIRING OF BLANK CARTRIDGES INTO A BEAST'S NOSTRIL

It was the whip—the long black whip, with the cruel lash. We do not see how anyone could have overlooked it—how anyone could have missed the depressing, sinister atmosphere of the whole performance.

Monkeys are by nature chattering, care-free, light-hearted, mischievous, but not these monkeys. Everything they did was done in a dull, sodden, desperate way. The trainer said never a word, but the whip never was still. The beasts were in mortal terror of it. Not once were they whipped, but as the lash curled venomously it was plainer than a pikestaff that they had felt its sting.

Trained by kindness? Beasts who obey man's will through love never act as did these dejected Simians. Monkeys have the play instinct stronger than any other animal, but there was no play in their hearts as they were put through their tricks. No joy impelled them in their performance, but only a dreadful fear of pain.

We never saw an animal act so sickening and hideous in its suggestion of the horrible means by which beasts are made to perform. It is significant that at the show the writer witnessed the audience never laughed—and monkeys are usually the most comical of beasts.

An act like that should make members for the Jack London Club; and before most of us die an act like that will not be tolerated on the public stage.

Some Interesting Correspondence

Mr. S. G. Bayne, President of the Seaboard National Bank, 18 Broadway, New York, having become a member of the Jack London Club, writes as follows:—

Dear Dr. Rowley:

Will you pardon me if I make a suggestion in connection with the soliciting of friends of animals to join the Jack London Club—namely, that it shall only be expected from members to leave a performance if so seated that it will not disturb a large number of the audience. There are many so conscientious

that they would not join and agree to leave under any circumstances where it might embarrass others.

To this we replied, in part:—

Dear Mr. Bayne:

I appreciate the value of your suggestion, and should be perfectly willing to have the pledge modified to this extent—that in a case where it would be practically impossible for one to leave the theater without causing great annoyance to others, he might be deemed to have fulfilled his pledge if, upon his return home, he wrote a letter to the management, expressing his protest, and stating that but for the serious inconvenience he would have caused others by doing so, he would have left the theater.

In Mr. Bayne's reply he says:—

I thoroughly agree with your plan. Any one would be glad to write a letter, if it should be practically impossible for him to leave, and such a letter would be much more effective than a withdrawal, as it would show how earnest and real the man's feelings must be, and would be a direct and pertinent demand for reform.

The Press Is Helping

The Duluth, Minnesota, *Herald* says, under the heading "Opposing Animal Acts":—

Agitation against animal acts in New England by a group of "anti" societies has resulted in bookers for Down East vaudeville theaters eliminating such turns from their bills. Managers of Poli houses and those booked out of the Keith exchange have received a number of protest letters recently, the complaints mostly being against dog acts.

A Vancouver, British Columbia, paper says:—

Active steps are being taken by members of the Vancouver branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals towards the formation of a "Jack London" club. Members of this club pledge themselves to oppose animal acts in vaudeville and other programs, their promise being that they will immediately leave a theater when such acts are on the bill.

Trained Lions

The *Louisville Courier Journal*, in an editorial on "Cruelty to Lions," says:—

Such spectacles (the performances of these animals) are of interest merely because a powerful animal is made, through fear, to do a few crude tricks clumsily, the audience knowing that there is more or less danger of the animal's rage overcoming its fear, and of the rending of the lion trainer. Now and again the cowed animal loses its patience and in a moment of passion whirls upon the keeper. Usually, but not invariably, the keeper escapes death. The lion is clubbed into submission and again goes sullenly, pitifully through sorry tricks.

From an Actress Who Speaks at a Meeting of the Performing Animals Defence Committee, London:—

"Even if every animal which performs on the stage were trained with the kindness that a mother gives to a child it would still be dastardly to allow them to perform. If any of us went to a music hall or theater and saw troops of men and women who had been drugged and who were made to perform acts not of their own nature, there would be such a cry of horror that nobody would dare to do such a thing again."

BABOON

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE
in *Literary Digest*

AT eight o'clock in the evening,
And at two in the afternoon
The monster curtains open,
The fiddles creak and croon;
And then I bow to the people —
A lumbering baboon.

I wonder why I do it?
Why do the humans stare
From even rows of shadow
Behind the footlights' glare?
Why do I go through my weary tricks
On a table and a chair?

They laugh and clap and giggle,
They never seem to tire,
For I am quite amusing
As I dance upon a wire,
Or leap, at my master's signal,
Through golden hoops of fire.

I can not smile, like the people,
I can not speak at all;
I pirouette insanely
In the foolish carnival;
Yet could I laugh, oh, I would laugh
When the velvet curtains fall!

For I wonder why those people
Sit in such even rows,
And smile at my useless knowledge,
Laugh at my mincing toes,
And dream that they have wisdom! —
How little a human knows!

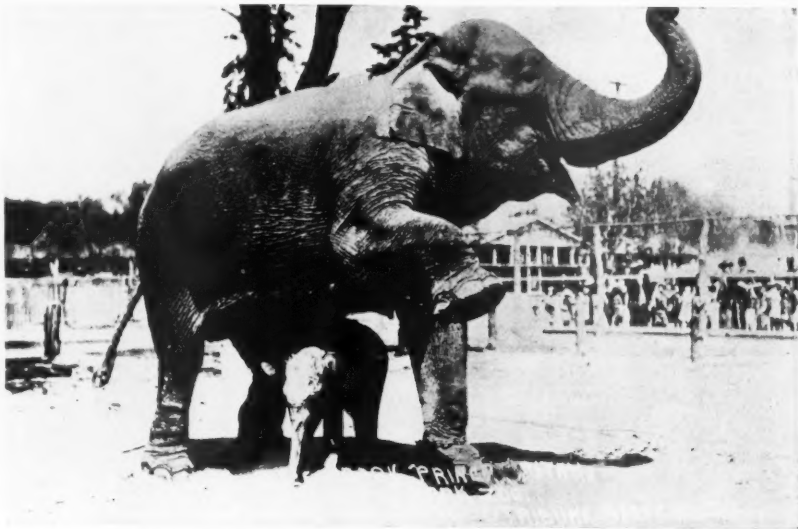
And why do they always gather
In houses bright and hot,
When they might be out in the open
In a place I've never forgot?
Why do they live in a shell like this,
And bid me share their lot?

And why is my life a schedule,
Run by role and rule?
I was not meant for theaters,
I was not made for school;
I was not meant to caper here,
A thing of ridicule!

I was not meant to be the slave
Of a man in a shiny suit,
Or bring the golden dollars in,
To stand up and salute;
The good God put me in the world
To be a happy brute!

But at eight o'clock each evening,
And at two in the afternoon
The monster curtains open,
The fiddles creak and croon;
And I bow to the senseless people —
A sensible baboon!

On witnessing an act of cruelty, take particular notice of the nature of the injuries inflicted; the condition of the animal ill-used; obtain, if possible, the name and address of the owner and driver, or person in charge of the animal, and set down the time and place where the offense was committed. Communicate these facts, giving your own name and address, to headquarters of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, or to any of the Society's authorized agents. The information will be treated as strictly confidential, and you will have done your humane duty intelligently and effectually.



"PRINCESS ALICE" AND "PRINCE UTAH," SALT LAKE CITY

SHE KILLED HER KEEPER

SHE was a lioness. In spite of her being caught in the jungle where she was born, and caged and carted around a strange country behind iron bars, she had become a mother. Two cubs nestled against her breasts, and the fierce passion of a wild mother's love guarded them from man's approach. It was in Woodbury, N. J., they tried to separate her from them. She flung herself against the door of the compartment they had put between her and her children, seized the keeper by the neck, and crushed him to death. Attacked by a score of attendants with iron bars, tent stakes, hooks and clubs, she finally broke from her cage, escaped into the crowd, till, riddled with bullets, she dropped and died. Why shouldn't she have killed her keeper? It was the natural thing for her to do. Generally, after one of these outbreaks of anger when the last strand in the cord of patience snaps, the caged lion or tiger is again beaten and cowed into submission, and the keeper continues to hold his prisoner in restraint through fear. Not often does the strength of the caged captive triumph over the cunning and the cruelty of man.

A friend writes us, "I lack eloquence to express adequately my sympathy as well as admiration for the magnificent maternal courage of that poor lioness, who, though riddled with bullets, still fought to her last gasp for her little cubs.

"The pity is our small and defenseless animals have not the size and strength of a lioness when cruelties are practised upon them, in order that they can perform for the laughter of inhuman humanity."

Some day an enlightened public conscience will put an end to the cruelties of the circus and the zoo with their imprisoned victims doomed to that eternal pacing back and forth that sickens the heart of every humane spectator.

BE YOUR OWN PRINTER

SEVERAL of our correspondents rubber stamp their envelopes with the world-famous motto, "BE KIND TO ANIMALS." This stamp can be made at a very moderate cost by any stencil maker, and if constantly used on letters, packages, etc., will have far-reaching effects in promoting the sentiment of this motto. Have one made today.

"PRINCE UTAH," BABY ELEPHANT OF SALT LAKE CITY

THIS baby elephant, which lived for nearly a year, was only 28 inches high at its birth, but it made up in weight what it lacked in height, as it tipped the scales at 180 pounds. Its home was in Liberty Park, Salt Lake City, where it became the pet of thousands of children. It was quite a valuable baby, for its owners refused \$5,000 for it, at six months of age, and though it was decreed that no amount of money could buy it, a valuation of \$10,000 was considered not too high. Although given the best of care, "Prince Utah" died suddenly last March of clogging of the arteries. Its keeper states that all attempts to rear elephants in captivity have failed so far.

THE DOG COMES INTO HIS OWN

AND now, during the past four years, the dog has given such a proof of his faithfulness to the best traditions of the dog race that all over the world his praises are being sounded. The story of the war-dog and his doings is gradually being pieced together. From the very beginning of the war, as one writer has expressed it, dogs "had a paw in it." When the Germans invaded Belgium, the harness dogs, which up to that time had been used for hauling milk, vegetables, and other produce, began to assist the refugees in getting their children and household goods out of the invaded country. Later they hauled light artillery, and carts laden with blankets, bread, hay, and scores of other things for the comfort of the soldiers and their horses. Dogs did sentry duty in the trenches, patrolled No-Man's Land, carried dispatches through barbed wire entanglements, amid a hail of bullets, and, above all, added to the laurels of their ancestors through the ages by seeking out and helping the wounded everywhere, on the far-flung battlefields of Europe and beyond.

— *Christian Science Monitor*

IF a fraction of the money spent on frivolous things were spent for the advancement of humane education, your children and your children's children would have a better world in which to live. Cruelty is the foundation of all ills, physical and mental. Humane education will eradicate most of the ills to which humans are heirs.

SELECTING THE DOG

F. J. FLANAGAN, M. D. C., V. S.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

THE proper selection of a dog requires thought on the part of a prospective buyer; namely, what kind of dog is wanted, what qualifications must he have? Is he to be a general house dog and family pet, a one man's dog, that is, a companion, or a toy?

Too often we see a great strong, rugged, outdoor dog, cooped up in a warm city apartment, fed three and often four times a day, given but little exercise. This form of ignorant cruelty invariably results in eczema, skin troubles, bowel complications, etc. A visit to the hospital brings but temporary relief, for the cause is not removed. The plain cold fact is that it's a case of the wrong dog in the wrong place. If a pair of horses were needed on the farm, one would not think of buying a pair of Shetland ponies. But the same person is very apt to buy a dog, just because it is a dog, and without thinking whether this individual dog is meant for a companion for outdoor strolling or for a pet for a city flat.

For a companionable outdoor dog there are a great many breeds, such as for example the Airedale, the Irish terrier, the Scotch terrier, the West Highland, the Dobermann pincher.

In selecting it would be well to confer with some one who is qualified by years of experience to give dog advice, some one to whom you can explain the circumstances, telling the purpose for which you want a dog and the price you wish to pay. After the type and breed have been decided upon, communicate with some registered kennels breeding this kind of dog, and select your purchase.

A veterinarian's examination is always advisable and may save much regret. Buying from a first class kennel costs a little more, but it is economy in the end. Dog stores as a rule are nests of distemper germs, and it is a very rare occurrence to buy from such a place a puppy romping and playing in the window and which seems so well, and have him remain so. Almost invariably he will develop within a few days of purchase a bad cough, some bowel disorder, and other symptoms of distemper, and oftentimes in spite of the most skillful veterinary attention, death results. A return to the dog vendor is not always satisfactory, for a return visit seven or eight days following a purchase usually finds the dealer quick to assume surprise and indignation that he should even be suspected of selling a dog not in good health. You would not think of sending a professor of music to an auction sale to select a horse unless he was reinforced by the guardianship of a reliable veterinarian. Then why select your dog without the same kind of advice?

The dog has his qualities, likes, dislikes, disposition and temperament, and his environment should harmonize. His disposition will be governed greatly by that of his master. If his master is gruff and surly, it does not take the dog long to acquire the same characteristics. Don't buy a collie puppy because he looks cute and bring him home as a surprise package to the children, unless you live in the country. A collie is a typical country dog, just as the Boston terrier is a typical city resident. Put the right dog in the right place and much comfort will result both to dog and master.

The dog, if properly fed, and no accident happen to him, should live to a ripe old age, enjoying life and bringing happiness to his master, whiling away many a lonesome hour in a way which only the dog can do.



SLED-DOGS IN NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA

PRINCE AND I

MARIAN CHURCHILL GRAVES

SOCIETY demands that more consideration must be shown to a man than to a dog.

Prince and I are sitting in the library when the postman comes to the door. As usual, Prince starts gayly forward to get the mail, but he stops when he sees the postman. It is not our regular carrier, but the substitute of last summer.

"Hello, there!" cries that personage. "Come and get the mail, Prince."

Prince stands motionless except for the slight trembling of his stub tail, which says that he hears and understands.

"Well, well, guess you've forgotten me and all the tricks I taught you. I know an Irish setter, Mrs. Blair, that never forgets a person or a trick, but these bull terriers, they don't remember much, do they?"

While the postman speaks I am recalling the last day that he came last summer. Prince was coming up the walk with a fine large bone in his mouth and he did not start to take the mail.

"Hey, Prince," called the postman, "drop that bone and take this mail in the house."

Prince had his eye on a dog down the street who was watching for a chance to get that bone. He did not drop the bone at once.

"Come here!" commanded the postman.

Prince had been taught to obey and he went, though with ears and tail drooping.

"Drop that bone and take this mail," again sounded the command.

Prince dropped the bone, snatched the mail, and flashed in the house with it. But, quick as he was, the other dog had got away with his bone before he returned, and the postman, unseeing, had gone on his rounds.

Not remember? That faithful little friend who still whines and cries on the grave where, over three years ago, he saw them lay his beloved master, does not remember?

All this flits through my mind in the moment after the postman asks his question. But, better far to insult the intelligence of a little dog than to wound the conceit of a grown man by telling him a few truths. And after all, Prince reads my attitude of mind and not my words, as mere humans do, so I answer: "Perhaps not."

Society demands that more consideration must be shown to a man than to a dog.

DOGS OF THE FAR NORTH

L. V. KELLY

TO those who are blessed with the benefits of modern transportation facilities it is hard to realize that there are parts of the continent where nature is so wild and rough that it is almost impossible for man to travel. In broad sections of the forest and mountain districts of northern British Columbia this is particularly true, travel being possible in any season only to men on foot and to the most agile of animals. Horses or others of the usual beasts of burden can make no progress through the tangles of fallen timbers, swamps, rocks and jungle. Yet man's best friend has proven his ability again to come to the assistance of his master. In summer, spring and fall, he is the pack-dog, bearing on his back such supplies as his master cannot carry; in winter he is the sled-dog, drawing the loaded sled. The accompanying photograph was taken in the depths of the northern wilds, over 150 miles from the nearest railroad. Dogs and men live on the game killed and on the essential tea and sugar and bacon carried in the packs.

EPITAPH FOR A DOG

EDMUND J. KIEFER

HERE beneath this little heap,
Lies Sir Fido fast asleep.
Dark the day and deep our gloom,
When we placed him in his tomb.
Well he played his earthly part,—
Keeper of his master's heart,
Playmate glad of girls and boys,
Sponsor of their wholesome joys,
Guardian of baby wee,
Model of fidelity,
Terror of the midnight foe,
Sharer in our weal and woe,
Soul of patience, tried and true,
Heart of heroism, too;
Now he's gone! — alas, alack,
Would that we could call him back!

ONE hundred per cent pure — a dollar given to any of our societies. One dollar given to our societies will put *Our Dumb Animals* in the hands of some child, make that child a better man or woman, and make future generations better men and women. A dollar well spent is a dollar well invested.

"WHAT ABOUT THE HOSSES?"

WE had sought the sweet seclusion of an old
estaminet
And the wine-cup circulated in the old familiar
way.
We had fed our hearts on memories, and talked as
soldiers will
Of the comrades "pushing daisies" on a barren
shell-marked hill.
But one Western boy was silent — never lifted up
his head
Till resentment seemed to stir him, and he raised
his eyes and said:

"But what about the hosses
In the roll-call of the dead?
Are they mentioned in the losses —
Has a single word been said?
Is there any simple token of their agony
unspoken —
Have they any wooden crosses
In the valleys where they bled?"

Our thoughts flew back like lightning, and across
the brimming cup
We saw the beasts of burden bringing ammunition
up —
The endless line of transport winding all across
the hill,
And the starving and the dying on the fields at
Aubreville —
The misery, the fortitude of those that had been
gassed,
And eyes of silent sorrow, pleading patience as they
passed.

Aye, "What about the horses?"
On the blazoned scroll of Fame —
The pulling, hauling horses,
And the broken, blind, and lame,
Giving every ounce of power, to the gasping,
dying hour —
Where's the martyr in the forces
Played a better, braver game?

WILLIAM V. V. STEPHENS, 11th Engi-
neers, U. S. A., in *New York Times*

JUDGE DERR, justice of the peace at Van-
couver, evidently has his own views of justice.
In dismissing a case brought by a local father
who was suing for damages inflicted upon his
offspring by a neighbor's dog, the judge re-
marked: "I am satisfied that the dog bit the
boy, but probably the dog was justified."

— *Oregon Daily Journal*

The Fentress County Mail

JAMES D. BURTON

THE people of Fentress County, Tennessee,
are supplied with their mail by two teams
of horses making daily trips, except Sundays,
between Jamestown, the county seat, and
Rugby Road railroad station. The distance
is about twenty-five miles. There are a few
other minor routes, but the Jamestown line
is the principal one.

The mail of the famous soldier, Sergeant
Alvin C. York, of Pall Mall, Fentress County,
is transported across the mountains to Pall
Mall by a span of horses. These horses work
faithfully and hard summer and winter, and
over mountain roads very difficult to travel.
There are many steep hills to climb, and the
roads have never been surfaced.

The Government makes contracts with in-
dividuals to haul the sacks of mail in bulk across
the mountains to postoffices where no railroad
serves the communities.

The horses shown in the picture work regularly
between Jamestown, the county seat of Fentress
County, and Rugby Road railroad station on
the Cincinnati Southern railroad. The line
leads through Rugby, an interesting little vil-
lage, where Thomas Hughes, of England, author
of "Tom Brown at Rugby," lived for a number
of years. His mother is buried here at Rugby,
in the Tennessee Mountains.

When the team shown in the picture reaches
Jamestown, the passengers are delivered to the
"Mark Twain" hotel. This inn is built on
the original site where "Mark Twain's" father,
John M. Clemens, lived before moving to
Missouri. Obedstown in the "Gilded Age"
is the Jamestown of today.

The team reaches Jamestown about six
o'clock in the evening. It leaves for Rugby
Road station about six o'clock in the morning.
It is on the road about seven hours each
day. The horses know all the stopping places
along the road, and on hot summer days are
especially eager to get to the watering places.

The writer has just completed a trip through
Fentress County, and returned to the railroad
station on the mail wagon. When the team
came to the steep hills on the way to the rail-
road station, the driver and the passenger would
get out and walk, in order to lighten the burden
of the faithful horses.

The horses rest on Sundays, but they have
not had an extended vacation for a long while.
The owner feeds them well, and otherwise takes
care of them to the best of his ability. The
contract price with the government for carry-
ing the mail through Fentress County is not
profitable, and of course this denies the horses
a good many luxuries which their owner, if
possible, would be glad to give them.

A tent cover is spread over the bow frames
on the mail wagon in rainy weather in order to
protect passenger and mail from getting wet.
It must be remembered that these wagons
travel across the mountains in all conditions of
weather.

Sergeant Alvin C. York, returned hero of the
war, used the Fentress County mail wagon
shown in the picture in going to and from the
railroad when a private citizen of the county.

TO PROTECT HORSES FROM FLIES

THROUGH a valued correspondent of *Our
Dumb Animals*, Mrs. Sarah A. Turle, of
Duluth, Minnesota, we are able to present the
following prescriptions for protecting horses
from flies. They were obtained by her through
State Experimental Stations:

Resin, 1½ lbs.
Laundry soap, 2 bars
Fish oil, ½ pint
Water enough to make 3 gallons.

Boil resin, soap and water till dissolved. Apply with
brush. If spray is used, a half pint of kerosene may be
added.

A stronger mixture, to be used on horses only
with an atomizer or spray, is this:

Fish oil, 2 quarts
Carbolic acid (crude), 1 pint
Pennyroyal, 1 ounce
Oil of tar, 8 ounces
Kerosene, 1½ quarts.

This prescription costs \$1.50 per gallon at a
drug store in Duluth. Mrs. Turle advises us
that these two mixtures seem to be the easiest
to compound and to use of any that she ob-
tained after corresponding with several State
Experimental Stations. The first one is less
powerful than the second.

Mrs. Turle writes that she sent a gallon of
the second mixture, with a spray, to a big con-
tracting company, as she had been told by the
foreman there that the flies were so torturous
that it was impossible to take the horses out
during the middle of the day. "They were
digging a great ditch in the swamp, and the
horse flies were horrible. The foreman wrote
me that is was 'good dope, please send C.O.D.
three gallons,' so he could pay for it." Our
correspondent expresses the wish that it be
known all over the country that there is some-
thing to relieve horses from the pest of flies.
She says the place referred to was as bad a spot
for flies as she has known.

THE *People's Home Journal* of New York
City announces that over 1,000,000 acres have
been pledged as sanctuaries for the birds by
owners of the land who are willing to pro-
hibit all hunting thereon. Liberal prizes are
offered during 1919 to adults, juveniles and
schools for the securing of pledges.

ONE big cannon-shot costs as much as three
years of a workingman's wages; five years of
a woman teacher's salary; an average work-
ingman's house; four years' college education.



RAPID TRANSIT IN FENTRESS COUNTY, TENNESSEE

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at the Plimpton Press, Lenox Street, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

AUGUST, 1919

FOR TERMS see inside front cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, and prefer verse not in excess of thirty-six lines, preferably shorter. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

THE HORSE'S VACATION — AN APPEAL

Who will give some tired, foot-sore horse a vacation this year?

Three dollars and a half will mean seven days of rest and comfort for some horse taken from the hard pavement.

"THE STUPID" ASSES"

THE ones we are speaking of are not the four-legged kind. These are the words, according to the *Chicago Herald*, by which one Dr. W. A. Pusey, chairman of the Chicago Medical Society, characterized all anti-vivisectionists at a recent meeting in that city. He was also pleased to speak of them as "super idiots." Here are the names of a few of these "stupid asses" and "super idiots": Alfred Tennyson, Victor Hugo, Sir Henry Irving, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Robert Browning, John Ruskin, Sir William Ferguson (Surgeon to the late Queen Victoria), Charles Dickens, Mark Twain, Phillips Brooks, Cardinal Gibbons, W. D. Howells.

Wild statements like these made by this doctor do the medical profession great injustice. They would be condemned by all the better class of physicians and surgeons the country over.

LET OTHERS TRY IT

AN interesting letter from an active humane worker in the South tells us of a remarkable Band of Mercy in one of the rooms of a large school for white children in Jacksonville, Florida, with Master Edward Farris, a bright lad of twelve, as its president. In the school-room are hung several banners, made by the pupils, bearing appropriate humane mottoes, on one of which appear many tiny gold stars, each indicating ten acts of kindness during the week by the different rows into which the children are divided. This plan of holding the children's interest may help to suggest similar methods to teachers conducting the work of other Bands of Mercy.

THIS HAPPENED IN CHINA

OUR representative in Shanghai writes us that a professor in the Nanking University came to Shanghai to address the missionaries of that city and chose for the subject of his address — "Kindness to Animals." Some of the seed sown in China by our American Humane Education Society is coming to harvest.

WHEN SHALL WE KILL?

THIS letter from a little girl 11 years old, a child in one of Boston's best known families, and the reply to it, we imagine will interest many a reader:

Dear Dr. Rowley:

I would like to know what you think about killing rats and mice. Rats breed disease, but as for that it is their nature. I love animals of all kinds. If you would even print it in your magazine or write me a letter what you think? I am very interested about animals, and love that kind of an animal. My father wants to send out my sister's cat to kill them, but I feed the rats with the bread that I don't want. I left a gingersnap near a hole, and it was all gone very soon. I hope my father won't kill the rats.

Sincerely yours,

from — — —

If you have to kill them please tell me how, or what trap.

Bay State Road, Boston.

My dear young Friend:

I wish I knew just how to answer in the best way your very interesting letter. I am glad you love animals, even animals of all kinds. It is a serious question to know how to deal with those creatures in the world, probably for some good purpose, but which seem to interfere with man's best interests. I think you will agree with me that where the welfare of one kind of life interferes seriously with the welfare of another kind of life, the interests of the higher type should be given first consideration. If the gypsy moth and the browntail moth are destroying our orchards and forests, which mean so much to human life, we feel justified in destroying them, and wherever rats and mice are consuming grain that is needed for human food or injuring our houses, our food or our clothing, we seem compelled to put them out of the way.

Whenever it becomes necessary to destroy any destructive form of life, there is one rule that we must follow, and that is to do it in as humane a way as possible. Wherever I have had to destroy a rat, I have tried to catch him in a trap and then, since death by drowning is supposed to be about as easy a death as one can meet, I have drowned him.

Later on in life you will learn that there is something known as a balance in nature, which in a general way means that where pests like rats and mice exist, there are other animals like cats and owls that prevent their multiplying too rapidly. Some years ago the farmers of Pennsylvania thought they were suffering from too many owls, and a law was passed offering a sum of money for every owl that was killed. Soon after the farmers found that the mice and moles were doing a great deal of damage because the owls that used to destroy so many of them had been killed, and a law was passed preventing the destruction of the owls. So you see we have to be careful and be very sure before we interfere with the operation of some of these great natural laws.

I am very glad you wrote me. It is always a pleasure to hear from any of the young friends of this great cause. I am certain that as you grow in years your love for animals will have much to do in blessing your own life as well as the lives of others.

With my kindest wishes, and hoping you will some day drop into the Hospital and let me show you about it, I am

Cordially yours,

(Signed) FRANCIS H. ROWLEY,
President

A PREACHER SHOTS A BIRD IN CHURCH

WE refrain from comment upon the following sent out by the news service from Sandersville, Ga.: —

June 9. — W. A. Wray, pastor of the Baptist Church here, created a mild sensation at his morning services yesterday when he stopped in the midst of his sermon, obtained a shot-gun and killed a jay bird that had been flying around the auditorium and singing while the services were in progress.

Mr. Wray announced just before the congregation sang a hymn that he would kill the bird if it sang again. The moment the congregation stopped singing, the jay began. The preacher immediately stopped the services, went to his home near the church, got his gun, returned to the church and took his stand in the center of the building. He fired once, the bird tumbled to the floor and services were resumed after the powder and smoke had cleared away.

The *State*, of Columbia, S. C., in an editorial upon the incident, says:

It appears from the dispatch that a pastor in a small town in Georgia was interrupted in the midst of his sermon by a jay bird, who flew in and about the church and "singing" — as the reporter puts it, though no mortal ear ever heard a jay sing. Many have heard delightedly his weird war-cry that is borrowed from the predatory hawk, as a small street-prowler might pick up and repeat the truculent oaths of a bruiser. But he has no song.

If the Being the preacher was worshiping watches over the fall of every sparrow, then the death fall of this brilliant and daring adventurer, this finely named *Cyanocitta cristata* — *Cyanocitta cristata-cristata*, if he had been a Columbia or a Camden jay — could not have occurred without His knowledge and, let us believe, His compassion.

Perhaps the preacher felt something like an omen or portent in the flight of the beautiful and stately visitor? A Roman priest — we mean a priest of old Rome — might have seen in the "flight" a grave presage of evil, or a promise of good fortune. The Georgia preacher saw in it — only a disturbance, an interruption, that must be punished with death.

Browning, who sings so many fine things about birds, says:

*I see my way as birds their trackless way,
He guides me — and the BIRD.*

Somehow, we feel sorrier for the pastor than we do for the slaughtered jay.

DEER IN CIRCUS

THE Tacoma Humane Society, through its board of directors, recently protested against a wild animal show scheduled for that city. The Resolution passed condemned particularly the exhibition of performing deer, and called attention to the cruelty that had characterized the training of these gentle animals. The Resolution closed with the words: —

"We therefore call upon the public to acquaint themselves with the inevitable and constant cruelty by the means of which all animals are compelled to perform for revenue paying audiences, to consider what such a life means above all to the timid class such as the deer, and to help in arousing a nation-wide sentiment against the exploitation of dumb animals with broken spirits in the interest of public amusement and for sordid gain."

The western press gave wide publicity to the protest.



Founded by George T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor
EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

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Prosecuting Officers in Boston

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulance) Brookline, 6100
L. WILLARD WALKER, Chief Officer

MONTHLY REPORT

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-------|
| Cases investigated..... | 692 |
| Animals examined..... | 5,458 |
| Number of prosecutions..... | 23 |
| Number of convictions..... | 21 |
| Horses taken from work..... | 111 |
| Horses humanely destroyed..... | 75 |
| Small animals humanely destroyed..... | 448 |

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

| | |
|---|--------|
| Animals examined..... | 72,267 |
| Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed..... | 110 |

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$58.92 from Edward J. Walsh of Boston, and \$8 (in part) for the war memorial of Emily S. Neal of South Boston.

It has received gifts of \$100 from H. F.; \$100 from S. A., for the war memorial tablet; \$25 each from Miss E. M. G., M. J. C., and Miss M. W.; \$25 from E. M. R., for the war memorial tablet; \$22 from the F. S. C.; \$20 from H. W. W.; and for the Angell Memorial Hospital, \$35 from H. F. L., for his dog Beauty.

The Society has been remembered in the will of Jane A. Mahar, Boston; David A. Smith, New Bedford; and Elmer P. Morse, Dedham.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$200 from two New York friends; \$13.48 from a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature, and \$39.85 from the Rhode Island Humane Education Society.

July 8, 1919.

HORSES WATERED IN JUNE

THIS season the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. inaugurated free watering stations for horses at Copley Square, at corner of Commercial Street and Atlantic Avenue, and at Post Office Square, Boston, in addition to placing the traveling water-cart in service. During the three weeks of June, in which service was maintained, horses were watered as follows: Copley Square, 13,575; Atlantic Avenue, 8,559; Post Office Square, 8,876; water cart, 1,135; total to date, 32,145.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone Brookline 6100

F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S.,

Chief Veterinarian

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., Resident Assistant

D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.

C. A. BOUTELLE, D.V.S.

WM. M. EVANS, D.V.S.

E. F. SHROEDER, D.V.S.

Veterinarians

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Treatment for sick or injured animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JUNE

| Hospital | | Free Dispensary | |
|--|-----|-----------------|-----|
| Cases entered | 262 | Cases | 322 |
| Dogs | 179 | Dogs | 217 |
| Cats | 52 | Cats | 66 |
| Horses | 28 | Horses | 7 |
| Birds | 2 | Birds | 2 |
| Cow | 1 | | |
| Operations | 130 | | |
| Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915, 14,580 | | | |
| Free Dispensary cases | | 16,453 | |
| Total | | 31,033 | |

JOY-RIDERS IN COURT

JUSTICE stern but merited was meted to two offenders in the Hudson, Massachusetts, Court recently for cruelty to horses. The two young men hired a horse each to joy-ride with a companion. So hard and mercilessly were the horses driven that one was rendered unfit for use for a week, the other for a month afterwards. State Officer Pearson of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. presented the facts to the court whose presiding judge, a man not wanting in the administration of justice nor lacking in judicial capacity to fit the penalty to the crime, though it be against an animal, imposed a fine of \$50 upon each of the defendants, and \$150 more to be paid to the owner of the horses in recompense for his loss of services of the animals. The two young men have a criminal record. Theirs was the meanest of crimes; they could readily pay their fines, but they will not so easily forget the good and wholesome reprimand that Judge Morris gave them.

CLARK WINTER'S MEDAL

THE Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals awarded a medal last month to Lester Clark Winter, a courageous boy, for an act of exceptional bravery in rescuing a dog. The dog had broken through the ice and would soon have drowned. A ladder was laid over the ice out on which young Winter made the venture when no one else in the group gathered on the shore would go because of the depth of the water. The ice gave way, but the boy reached the dog, and by the aid of a rope thrown to him finally broke his way back through the ice and to the land.

Lester Clark Winter is the son of Professor I. Lester Winter of Harvard. He is a pupil at Brown and Nichols school.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.

STOP THE CHECKREIN ABUSE

HIGH checkreins are comparatively seldom seen in eastern cities and towns, but the abuse is often conspicuous in western and southern communities. We publish a four-page pamphlet, also a card, setting forth the arguments against the cruel overhead or tight checkrein. One correspondent in Ohio ordered \$8.00 worth of these pamphlets for distribution by a county humane officer who put them in hotels, stables, wagons, and in the hands of drivers. This correspondent is a poor man, but he believes in helping the horses. He asks us to urge other humane workers to follow his example and see to the distribution of literature dealing with checkreins.

ANIMALS' HOME IN MONTREAL

THE "Hooper Rescue Home for Animals," at 201 Demontigny Street, Montreal, P. Q., has been presented to the S. P. C. A. of that city by Lieut.-Col. George Hooper. For two years past Col. Hooper has loaned the property to the Society, of which he is the president, so the work of the institution has been established already.

The home fills a very great need in Montreal as to it are brought all injured small animals picked up on the streets. It contains a public pound to which all stray dogs, cats, rabbits, goats, etc., are taken and where they are kept for three days to give the owners a chance to claim them. Three to four hundred dogs and cats are received each month. There are kennels for sixty dogs. There is also a chicken run for hens that are brought into the city improperly crated. These crates of fowl are seized and the birds released in the run until the owners provide proper crates. A staff of three are in attendance at the home with a veterinary available when wanted.

A DOLLAR given to any of our societies will do more good in the world than an equal amount given to any other cause we know of. Give — not until it hurts, but until it makes you feel good. The more you give, the better you will feel.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay to the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, president of the International Trust Company, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment. Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject and will be glad to furnish all further details.



American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see inside front cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

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Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. May L. Hall, *Secretary*

Foreign Corresponding Representatives

| | |
|---|-------------|
| Nicasia Zulaica C. | Chile |
| Mrs. Jeannette Ryder | Cuba |
| Mrs. Florence H. Suckling | England |
| Edward Fox Sainsbury | France |
| William B. Allison | Guatemala |
| Mrs. Lilian Kohler | Jamaica |
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| Mrs. Marie C. E. Houghton | Madeira |
| Mrs. Francisco Patxot | Porto Rico |
| Mrs. Alice W. Manning | Turkey |
| Jerome Perinet, <i>Introduceur des Bands of Mercy en Europe</i> | Switzerland |
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Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. L. T. Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Columbia, South Carolina

THE BABOON MASCOT

A CAPE TOWN, South Africa, paper tells of a baboon mascot which had been wounded in the trenches, and which appeared among the returning troops dressed in khaki coat and hat, with a lance corporal stripe, wound stripe and good conduct ribbon. His left hind leg had been left in France. The friend who sends us the clipping wonders what is to become of this unfortunate creature. There is a fear that some traveling show will buy him for exhibition. This would be a sad reward for the experiences through which he has come.

DO NOT let your subscription to *Our Dumb Animals* expire. Renew it in ample time to avoid missing a number.

UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING

THIS is interesting reading whatever one's opinion with regard to the matter:—

"One of the most prominent journalists of Brazil has recently denounced the United States as the new Prussia. Most Americans who saw the statement probably resented it, yet we cannot convince our neighbors to the south of us, or an exhausted Europe, or an exploited Asia and Africa, that we are anything else if at this time we institute universal military training and service. Remember General Maurice's solemn declaration, 'I believe that if you prepare thoroughly and efficiently for war, you get war.'"

Col. Edward L. Logan, of Boston, said before the Immaculate Conception Boy Scouts the other day: "I have served in the army for the past 20 years, in both peace and war, yet I hope that the United States will not have compulsory military training for boys. The Scouts of today," he said, "will be the citizens of tomorrow, and upon these boys will depend the future of our country. It is not necessary that the boy should carry a gun on his shoulder to receive proper training."

PRIZE ESSAY CONTESTS

FIFTEEN prizes were awarded to the school children of South Bend, Indiana, for essays on animals, by the local Humane Society, at the close of a public meeting in the Grammar School Auditorium, June 13. There were three prizes in each of the five upper grammar grades, and each pupil presented her own essay. (There was but one boy out of the fifteen successful contestants.)

Prizes for essays on kindness to animals were also given in June by the Tarrant County Humane Society to pupils in the schools of Fort Worth, Texas. Two prizes were awarded in the white schools, and two in the colored schools. Superintendent John M. Adams of the Fort Worth Society, says of Bands of Mercy:—

"This work should be extended, and the Sunday-schools of the city are fine avenues of approach; would suggest that the committee select some leader in each one and have them organize the schools. First impressions are very lasting and the assistance of the children will be of great benefit. Literature and buttons have been ordered in quantities to supply 500 members.

"While the schools are over for the term, it is a good time to begin organization with a view of enlisting the help of the teachers in the lower grades to carry out the law of the state, which provides that in every school there be set aside a certain number of hours for teaching kindness to animals. The only reason we have not had full coöperation is because in many instances it has not been sought."

THE DOG STAR

FIVE THOUSAND years before the Christian era, the Egyptian peasant, as he watched each year for the happening of the great miracle, the rising of the Nile, noticed that its gracious waters began to trickle over his parched land just at the time that a certain glorious star appeared above the horizon. And so inevitably did the rising of the Nile follow upon the rising of the star that, to the peasant, the star's faithfulness could only be compared to the faithfulness of his dog, and thus Sirius came to be called the Dog Star.

— *Christian Science Monitor*

HUMANE EDUCATION vs. BOMB-THROWING

IN a recent address Mr. McAdoo spoke of the value of the Boy Scout movement not only in training the boyhood of America physically and morally but also in imparting to them a correct knowledge of democratic institutions and inculcating in them the highest standards and conceptions of American citizenship. He then said, "Who can believe that if the deluded persons who have been engaged in bomb-throwing in this country had been Boy Scouts in their youth and had learned the value of democratic institutions and of American citizenship, they would have engaged in any such practices?"

Without disparagement to the admirable work among the Boy Scouts, one might, with perhaps even better reason, call attention to the movement for training American boys and girls morally by means of humane education and for implanting in them a correct conception of human and sub-human rights, and might ask: who can believe that if the deluded bomb-throwers had in their youth been members of a Band of Mercy and had had inculcated in them the principles of justice and mercy towards every living creature, they would have engaged in such atrocious practices? S.R.T.

HOSPITAL FOR ANIMALS IN MADEIRA

FROM Mrs. C. S. Houghton, our foreign corresponding representative in Funchal, Madeira, we learn that humane teaching in all the primary schools was inaugurated last autumn and is expected to bear good fruit. She continues:—

"The outer walls and buildings for a small hospital and animal refuge were completed last year, but the work is at present at a standstill. The very inferior and expensive building material available during this crisis, and the exorbitant prices of everything in connection with other causes, have produced but a modest result. Still, upon ground generously ceded to us by the municipality of the Town of Funchal, the preliminary and most necessary buildings are erected, stables for oxen and mules, kennels for dogs, a surgery and consulting-room stand. But now comes the question of inner completion, furnishings, etc., and the requirements for the surgery. The latter are unobtainable here, and the committee of our small and struggling Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, deeply appreciative of the interest you have shown in us hitherto, — an interest, believe me, which has greatly encouraged us — ventures to approach the kindred spirits in the United States with the following request and suggestion. Now that the Red Star material is, fortunately, no longer needed for war purposes, and presupposing that there is a great stock of such material on hand in Europe, would it be possible to spare some of it to us? You will, should this be feasible, ask me, what it is we require. *Everything!* Our surgery is barren! So is our experience! It is to you we would address that question! We must begin our work upon the most modest lines. Simple usual bandages, medicines, disinfectants, and the instruments required for simple cases. Oxen, mules, dogs, horses, are the animals we have most to do with, the first two being our principal protégés."

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

H. H. JACOBS

EVERY one who serves the humane cause knows that the calls for such service are of a most remarkable variety. The only hope of accomplishment lies in the ability to be rid of those which are not made with a good and honest motive and to take up the ones that have behind them genuine kindness, however eccentric they may be.

We bring one of our telephones to sit among our tea-cups and it's along with our tea that very many calls come in. I won't say if there is any occult influence or thought transference between the tea and the telephone, but however that may be, it's invariably a busy time.

One evening a lady called in and gave a somewhat detailed account of herself but the genuine note was there, the real love of animals, and yet it was neither a horse nor a dog nor a cat, nor chickens at the grocery store that were not being watered—it was a Fur Cape.

The lady was the "poor relation" of a very rich relation who sent her a supply of last year's clothing at regular intervals. She explained that she was properly grateful, but she added pathetically, that she did wish her good aunt was not so fond of purple when she herself particularly liked blue. But of course she wore the purple things and was not really complaining of them, but now this most unfortunate gift had been sent—a very fine Fur Cape. To add to the calamity of it, her aunt had written that the garment was really very valuable, being made of just ONE SKIN. But that she had worn it until she was quite tired of it. Now the good little lady had conjured up in her mind a sorry picture of the first and rightful owner of that ONE SKIN. "Perhaps," she told us, "it was a little mother creature and there were babies left to perish and the mother heart grieving and anxious the while her poor body suffered the agony of the trap."

Now the question was, what should she do with the Cape. To her it was not a garment. It was a dead creature that had suffered and died.

The wearing of it was of course not to be considered for a moment, nor the selling of it, nor did she who had been so cruelly burdened by the gift of it feel justified in loading that burden upon another.

Here was a problem that could not be solved without thought and incidentally a fresh pot of tea.

But it was solved—now smile if you will—for we buried that fur cape, that ONE SKIN.

Somewhere the poor little body had returned to the elements. Somewhere the Intelligence, the Life that came from God had gone back to Him, with a record of man's greed and woman's vanity written in pain upon it; and was it quite absurd that we made a grave for this fragment, this outer covering?

Think what you will, the grave was made and there are some little pansies, the kind that we call "heartsease," blooming on it. Pansies are "for thought"—maybe when women learn to think there will be no more of the unspeakable cruelty of trapping.

DIPLOMACY is essential, even in a country station-master. Witness a post card from the local station agent to a well-known prohibitionist:

"Sir—Please send without delay for the case of books directed to you which is lying at this station and is badly leaking."

MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR THE BIRDS

ALBERT E. STILLMAN

THOUSANDS of people all over the world have become interested in birds and animals through the efforts of Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCrackin. With pen and voice she has battled for bird, game, and forest protection, and her lifelong devotion to the cause dearest her heart has been crowned with success.

Now at the age of eighty years, she is still hammering away, for she dearly loves to labor for the good of mankind. She has a smile and cheery greeting for everyone, as she works as



MRS. JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD McCRACKIN

editor and reporter on a daily newspaper in Santa Cruz, California.

Mrs. McCrackin was dismayed at the wholesale destruction of the songbirds, and in 1902 determined to help save them. Every prominent newspaper throughout the country published letters and articles from her pen, and these bird-protection pleas resulted in the formation of the first bird-protection society of California, namely, "The Ladies' Forest and Songbirds Protective Association," of which Mrs. McCrackin is the president.

Mrs. McCrackin is called the "Savior of the Sequoias," for it was due to her efforts that the giant redwoods of the Big Basin were saved. She was an intimate friend of Bret Harte, and one of the first contributors to the *Overland Monthly*, when it was founded in 1869; her stories have been published in three volumes, and tell of her army experiences in Arizona and New Mexico. After the death of her husband this whole-souled lover of animal life, who proudly claims distinction of being the oldest reporter in the United States, found it necessary to support herself, and at her advanced age secured her present position. Her work keeps her out in all sorts of weather, and she seldom reaches home before the midnight car. She is happy and her heart is light, for she has always been a friend to the animals and birds, and found working in their interest every day in the year.

ODE TO PEACE

LILLIE V. KRONK

AWAY from the noise of battle,
Away from the stress of strife,
Afar from the dying rattle
That marks the close of a life,
Is a sorrowless sphere where mortals
Have never a cause to lament;
Where blossom the lilies of peace
In the Isle of the Soul's Content.

There never the sands are reddened
At sound of the cruel gun;
There never are children saddened
And lone, — when the day is done.
Thou Savior of men, send peace
To nations whose strength is spent,
And bring them to dwell with Thee
In the Isle of the Soul's Content.

THE ELECTRIFIED CAGE

ALL you've got to do is take my advice." The master-trainer paused, and the lion man opened his mouth to speak.

"Which will cost you," Collins went on deliberately, "say three hundred dollars."

"Just for some advice?" the other asked quickly.

"Which I guarantee will work. What would you have to pay for three new lions? Here's where you make money at three hundred. And it's the simplest of advice. I can tell it to you in three words, which is at the rate of a hundred dollars a word, and one of the words is 'the.'"

"Too steep for me," the other objected. "I've got to make a living."

"So have I," Collins assured him. "That's why I'm here. I'm a specialist, and you're paying a specialist's fee. You'll be as mad as a hornet when I tell you, it's that simple; and for the life of me I can't understand why you don't already know it."

"And if it don't work?" was the dubious query.

"If it don't work, you don't pay."

"Well, shoot it along," the lion man sur-rendered.

"Wire the cage," said Collins.

At first the man could not comprehend; then the light began to break on him.

"You mean . . . ?"

"Just that," Collins nodded. "And nobody need be the wiser. Dry batteries will do it beautifully. You can install them nicely upon the cage floor. All Isadora has to do when she's ready is to step on the button; and when electricity shoots through their feet, if they don't go up in the air and rampage and roar around to beat the band, not only can you keep the three hundred, but I'll give you three hundred more. I know. I've seen it done, and it never misses fire. It's just as though they were dancing on a red hot stove. Up they go, and every time they come down they burn their feet again.

"But you'll have to put the juice into them slowly," Collins warned. "I'll show you how to do the wiring. Just a weak battery first, so as they can work up to it, and then stronger and stronger to the curtain. And they never get used to it. As long as they live they'll dance just as lively as the first time. What do you think of it?"

"It's worth three hundred all right," the man admitted. "I wish I could make my money that easy."

From Jack London's "Michael Brother of Jerry"

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

THOUGHTS ON HUMANE EDUCATION.

Harriet C. Reynolds.

This little volume of "Suggestions on Kindness to Animals and Notes on Their Habits and Usefulness," as the sub-title reads, makes no claim to originality but is a compilation of a considerable miscellany taken from publications like *Our Dumb Animals*, from leaflets of various humane societies, and from random sources. It is intended to serve as a help to the teacher who is compelled by law in many states to teach "humane education." It is full of suggestions and quotations that should lead the thoughtful instructor to more authoritative works on the subject.

Besides the general theme of teaching children kindness to animals, the chapters deal with various kinds of animals, as the dog, the cat, the horse, the mule, the cow, the sheep, etc. Two pages of "Subjects for Composition" will be found of special help to teachers in essay work. Several selections of verse are included in the volume which is illustrated by pictures of children and animal pets, and portraits of prominent workers in humane and other philanthropic fields. Mrs. Reynolds herself has been interested in the protection of animals from early childhood, and for twenty-five years has been employed in organizing humane education committees and societies in this country and elsewhere. While she does not offer the present volume as a text-book, it contains such a variety of information in plain and simple language that it is bound to be in demand as a convenient handbook for reference in the rather large field which it attempts to cover.

200 pp. Humane Publishing Company, Washington, D. C.

THE GRIZZLY; OUR GREATEST WILD ANIMAL, Enos A. Mills.

At the head of all wild life on the continent stands the lordly grizzly. He is the superior mentally of all the animals that live and roam on the mountain slopes or in the wilderness of western North America. This is the opinion of Mr. Mills whose latest volume, a fascinating biography, full of scientific interest, gives us a better acquaintance with the grizzly and refutes a long-standing misconception.

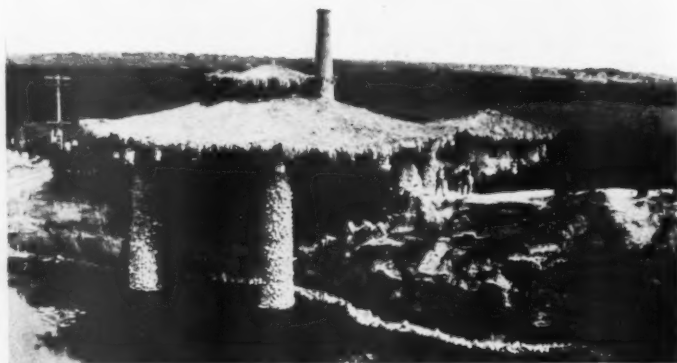
Mr. Mills, who has explored the western country from Alaska to Mexico, has studied the grizzly from every angle. He has watched him at close range and with field-glass, trailed him with camera but without gun, matched wits with him hundreds of times and admits he has been outgeneraled on many an occasion. The intense inquisitiveness of the grizzly undoubtedly accounts for his reputation of being ferocious. He is a masterful fighter when in self-defense, but the author asserts that there is no known instance of the grizzly eating human flesh.

"Most big game has had some protection for years; the grizzly has had none," says the author. "He is not a bad fellow, there is no just claim against him, but he has paid the penalty of being misunderstood. He has been classed as a menace and relentlessly pursued as though a dangerous criminal. Men follow him the year round, with guns, dogs, horses, traps, and poison. He is even trailed to the hibernating-den and slaughtered without any chance for his life.

"Fear of bears and prejudice against them is all too often taught and developed in childhood. Mothers and nurses hush children by telling them, 'Bears will get you if you're not good.' People, however, are now learning that bears are not ferocious, that they do not eat human flesh, and that in the wilds the grizzly flees from man as though from a pestilence."

It will be a great benefit to the human race to preserve the grizzly. Mr. Mills characterizes him as the "most impressive animal" we have. May his eloquent plea for him not go unheeded!

289 pp. \$2, net. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.



JAPANESE TEA GARDEN A HOME FOR BIRDS

ONCE I was seated at a table in a Japanese tea garden. There were rock pillars which supported the roof above me. The roof itself was made of a foundation of wire netting upon which had been laid dried palm leaves. The garden was filled with chatting groups, all seated at tables and being served by Japanese servants. My attention was attracted to a small bird who flew in and suddenly disappeared in between the crevices in the wire netting above my head. I became interested and soon found that many other

birds, most of them sparrows, flew back and forth into the sheltered garden, always disappearing into the underside of the roof and emerging by the same route. There they came and went working, planning and constructing in this public place where men and women came to refresh themselves and to talk of the strange affairs of men, never lifting their eyes far enough above personal affairs to see the wonderful story being filmed there in the recesses of that wire and palm leaf roof.

KATE RANDLE MENEFFEE

The Chipping Sparrow by L. A. HODGES

OF our native birds, the most neighborly — and perhaps the most unassuming — is the chipping sparrow — he of the chestnut cap, who when spring is young makes his way to our very door.

You cannot easily mistake him, once you have observed him attentively. Like so many others of the sparrow family, his back is rufous; but his throat, breast, and underparts are of a uniform ashen-gray, unbroken by spots or other markings. He perhaps more nearly resembles the field sparrow, but here his black bill at once identifies him. Should there still remain doubt as to who he is, the uncertainty perforce must vanish if you now hear his song — one must call it a song — droll, grasshopper-like: an unvarying trill, which is saved from monotony only by its evident earnestness — and its short duration. It is a song, however, that is not without a certain appeal, especially when heard at a still hour of the night.

Early arrived from his winter sojourn in the extreme south of the United States, the chipping sparrow trustfully attaches himself to the grounds immediately about us. He seems unwilling to believe that man can be other than a friend to him. His mate entertains similar opinions; and, the fancy striking her, will not hesitate to choose the vine above the porch's entrance as a site for her nest.

But she is a careless builder, is Mrs. Chipping Sparrow — though the nest which she makes is stout enough *per se*. However, she regards all too lightly the resilience of slender, outer twigs and the force of springtime winds. Seldom is the nest blown from its fastenings, but too often the tossing bough hurls the eggs to earth. Mrs. Chipping Sparrow might escape many a heart pang if she would but make her nest deeper.

Last spring a pair of chipping sparrows chose as a site for their nest a clump of twigs near the top of a small elm. Here the trim nest was

built; and all went well until the day of a sharp, sudden wind. The shattered remains of three blue-tinted eggs told the story of the resultant tragedy. This same pair of sparrows built a second nest and, singular enough, placed it more precariously than the first — in an elm as before, but at the very outer fringe of an especially fragile bough. A week passed. Came a twenty-five mile gale; and on the ground beneath the elm lay poor, azure-colored fragments — mute testimony of a second, and in point of repetition, a sadder mischance.

More fortunate another pair of chipping sparrows. The female busied herself in a tremendously serious manner. First, she carried particles of dead grass; later, horsehairs and bits of dried roots. In less than six days the nest was complete, a bit of a hair-lined home, in the leafy midst of a compact shrub that grew in a corner of the lawn.

Five eggs were deposited; something, however, went amiss with one of the eggs, since but four young ones came into being. Grotesquely unprepossessing at first — what great mouths such tiny creatures can have! — they improved very rapidly, and when a week old had actually taken on the appearance of birds.

Father and Mother Chippie were solicitous, but not unduly fussy. There was one thing, however, that never failed to arouse them. Now and then a blue jay would put in an appearance for a prow through the trees on the lawn. Immediately an excited "Chip," "chip," "chip" would fill the air; and the noisy protest would continue until the meddlesome jay had taken himself off. One readily believes that between the chipping sparrow and the blue jay there is bad blood.

ARE you wearing the badge of kindness? If not, order some Be Kind to Animals pins, \$1.00 a hundred. Wear one and give the others to those who will wear them.

TO A WESTERN REDBIRD

ADDISON HOWARD GIBSON

YOUR wing of dazzling flame
 I see flash in the hedge,
 And gleam of jaunty crest
 Blaze through the swaying sedge;
 Then off through orchards fair,
 From apple, plum and peach,
 You flit in crimson flight
 Some half-hid bough to reach.

There, leafily enscreened
 From my pursuing gaze,
 Your silver-throated trills
 Make sweet the young year's days.
 A glowing splotch of joy,
 You charm your western home,
 As with gay flute-clear notes
 The prairies free you roam.

Oft, when the way was dark,
 And hope's fair flow'rs seemed dead,
 My heart you have made glad,
 Sweet bird of plumage red.
 Your care-free, sprightly ways
 And notes of magic pow'r
 Have cheered the gloom away,
 Beguiled the passing hour.

SHALL WE FORGET HIM?

CHER AMI, "ace" in the American pigeon corps and honored hero among the war's great flyers, did not long survive his return from service for his flag in France. The stout-hearted, swift-winged message-bearer that flew through whistling shrapnel and brought the news to American headquarters of the desperate plight of the "Lost Battalion" and its famous leader, Lieut.-Col. Whittlesey, ended his brave career in a quiet loft at Potomac Park, Washington.

Cher Ami was cited by Gen. Pershing for meritorious service and awarded the D. S. C. He died from the wounds he received when carrying a message that saved men's lives.

Shall we forget him? Such a memorial as the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. purposes to erect in recognition of the service of all the dumb heroes that helped to bring victory to the Allied arms will commemorate the war-record of the dauntless Cher Ami.

More Birds to Help Save Food

ROBERT H. MOULTON

ON a number of occasions Mr. Herbert C. Hoover said that he hoped the people of the United States realized how closely related to the whole question of food saving was the question of the protection and encouragement of insectivorous and migratory birds; bird protection has made such rapid strides within the last few years that it undoubtedly resulted in the saving of hundreds of millions of dollars worth of food, and food helped to win the war for the Allies.

Now comes a Chicago man with a remarkable plan for lopping a cool billion dollars off the high cost of living by the simple expedient of feeding the birds.

Charles E. White, a Board of Trade grain broker during his business hours and bird protector during his leisure, is the financial backer of the scheme. His plan contemplates the saving of all insect-destroying birds, which, according to government officials who have made a study of the subject, would result in the saving of \$1,000,000,000 worth of grain and foodstuffs that otherwise are destroyed each year. In other words, he proposes to make the feathered denizens of the fields and woods dividend earners.

While Mr. White has always cherished a warm regard for birds of all kinds, has cultivated their friendship and sought to induce them to stay on his place the year through, his underlying purpose has been to make them useful as well as ornamental, through the protection they would furnish the crops by their unceasing warfare against insect pests, whose ravages prove so costly to the public.

The White bird sanctuary in Kenilworth, a suburb of Chicago, is not so much a hobby as a step in the direction of common-sense treatment of one of the great economic problems which confront the nation; an attempt to restore nature's balance between the bird and insect worlds, which was established years before the greedy saw of woodmen, the murderous firearms of hunters, the toys of small boys and the vanity of women denuded the forests and all but extinguished the birds of the

continent. Census takers among the bird population declare that 90 per cent. of the feathery tribe that once inhabited the woods of the country have disappeared because of these enemies.

There have been any number of years when, it is estimated by competent authorities, a loss



THE CAFETERIA FOR BIRDS

of more than \$900,000,000 has been inflicted on the crops of the country by insect pests—a matter of \$9 levied on every person in the United States.

It is Mr. White's belief, and that of others who have given the subject careful consideration, that with suitable coöperation the country over, and the awakening of an interest in bird life, vast sums now lost could be saved to the public each year. For this reason, as well as others, he has sought to maintain a safe breeding-place for all kinds of birds, and a furtherance of that plan has provided them with comfortable lodgings, one idea being to see if migrating birds could be induced to remain in the vicinity of Chicago the year round.

In his brief period of experimenting Mr. White has proved that many of the migratory birds that annually desert the North for sunnier lands, do not travel southward solely because of the climate. Lack of food has starved them out.

The result of the feeding plan is that many birds of species that ordinarily would be unknown in the region of Chicago during the winter months remain on the White estate, seeming to appreciate the fact that they will be provided for. Others, coming from a more northerly latitude, decide to remain in this realm of plenty until the return of spring sends them back to their old haunts.



THE RUSTIC BIRD BATH

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

Send for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Six hundred and six new Bands of Mercy were reported in June. Of these 253 were in schools of Rhode Island; 105 in schools of Kentucky; 87 in schools of Texas; 57 in schools of Connecticut; 36 in schools of Massachusetts; 33 in schools of Georgia; 17 in schools of Maine; ten in North Carolina; five in Pennsylvania; two in Canada and one in Florida.

Total Number Bands of Mercy, 119,845

ON THE WAY TO MILL

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER

COME, Jack, from out the clover;

Lift your silver mane!

The fence I'm reaching over

Ready with bridle and rein!

I want; yes, want you to take me

Down the dusty way

With never a trick to make me

Shy of your coat of gray!

We'll go with the world beneath us,

Light as the western breeze;

While apple blossoms ureate us,

Pink on the wayside trees!

We'll pass the low red school-house

There in the narrow lane,

You with a coat like a field-mouse;

I with a sack of grain!

I'll leave you here by the mill, Jack;

Tied — and see you behave!

I'll know right well when I come back

Whether you're donkey or knave!

It's good to pause in the valley

Close by the river's sheen;

So rest from your drive and dally

Under the branches green!

HOW DOG SAVED MASTER'S LIFE

DRAGGED by his collie dog for seventeen miles through a snow-covered region on the desert and mountains, Clint Crawford, a cattle puncher, known among his associates as "Doc," is still alive, according to an account in the *Tribune* of Goldfield, Nevada. Thrown by his horse Crawford's shoulder was shattered. He was delirious and remembers only intervals of the struggle against death as he staggered along through the snow. Being exhausted, he would have frozen to death in a few hours, but was aroused by his dog. Time after time Crawford sank down in his delirium and was giving up the fight. Each time the collie roused him with scratches from his paws and by biting him, and then led the way across the unmarked snow toward help. After eleven hours the dog took Crawford to the Rose mine, where medical aid was received.



HOW A BABY ELEPHANT WAS TAUGHT MANNERS

IN a recent exchange it is stated that elephants are amazingly like human beings in the way they discipline their young. In proof, it tells an amusing incident seen by a French traveler in an extensive lumber-yard in Burma.

While the adult elephants were faithfully at work, the youngsters played about the yard. The elephant that attracted the traveler's particular attention was hauling, in her chain harness, huge tree trunks from the bank of the river. She had a heavy load, a fact that her offspring did not realize. Bent on playing a prank, he wound his little trunk about one of the chain traces and pulled back with all his strength.

Conscious of the suddenly increased weight, the mother stopped and looked around. She saw the youngster back there, and shook her head solemnly, but paying no further heed to his teasing, bent again to her work. Meanwhile, however, the little rascal with his mischievous trunk had loosened the ring that fastened the traces to the load.

While the mother was straining to set her burden in motion again, her rascally son pulled with all his might against her, and pulled so sturdily that she was quite unaware that she had been disconnected from her load. Then, suddenly, the youngster let go. Naturally enough, the mother was thrown to her knees, and her driver hurled in a wide circle from her back.

The culprit sought a huge wood-pile that seemed to offer him at least a temporary protection. His mother, however, was soon in pursuit, and he had to flee. Round and round the wood-pile he dodged, but his mother, with her iron harness clanging noisily behind her, kept close at his heels.

Although the little one's greater agility gained some space for him at the corners, his mother eventually overtook him. The first blow of her trunk drew from him a bawl of pain. At the second he sank, quite humbled, to his knees; and then he endured without a murmur, although with many tears, a sound thrashing. Finally the mother let him up. With tears still streaming and with drooping trunk, he took his disconsolate way out of the yard.

The little fellow had won the complete sympathy of the observer. Consequently, he was overjoyed to witness during the noon hour a touching reconciliation. The mother did all

she could to comfort the penitent little sinner; she caressed him with her trunk, cuddled him up against her, and looked at him as if to say, "You still have a mother who loves you."

GOATS' MILK PURE AND FRESH

SHOULD you like now to see the goat giving proof of its tame, trustful nature? I will tell you how the milk-peddlers of our southern towns are in the habit of leading their flocks of goats through the streets, to sell from door to door the milk freshly drawn under the buyer's very eyes, writes J. H. Fabre in "Our Humble Helpers." What would the timid sheep do if led thus through the turmoil and confusion of a populous town? It would take fright and run away, and in its foolish terror it would get crushed under the wheels of passing vehicles. The goat is not alarmed at anything. Throngs of people, the noise of traffic, the barking of quarrelsome dogs, to all this it is quite indifferent. The horned company, its approach heralded by the tinkling of little bells, moves with a confident and familiar air in the midst of all this hustle and bustle, as if in the perfect solitude of the mountains. With graceful coquetry it looks at its reflection in the large shop-windows and strikes the flag-stones of the pavement with ringing hoof. At the customers' doors, which the flock never fails to remember, it comes to a halt. Each goat in its turn is taken in hand by the milkmaid, and the warm milk spurts foaming from the udder into the tin measure. They go on through the crowd to another customer, and so it continues, a measure of milk at a time, until the flock has exhausted its day's supply.

A BOOK AGENT approached a farmer.

"Sir," said he, "those are mighty fine boys of yours."

"They are, stranger. The finest in this part of the world."

"I reckon you buy them anything they want."

"Why, sure, stranger; I buy them anything they need, whether they want it or not."

"Then, sir, let me sell you an encyclopedia for them. There's nothing else that will benefit them so much."

The farmer looked at the agent in astonishment. "Why, stranger," said he, "them boys of mine don't need no cyclopedias. They ride hosses!"

CHILDREN'S PAGE



GRANDPA SWAN OF GOLDEN GATE PARK
[San Francisco]

FANNY RUNNELLS POOLE

ALL among the ducks and geese
Lives my sociable white Swan;
Smooth and shining is his fleece,
Clear the pond he sails upon.

Little ducks, when I walked there,
Spread their feet and sailed away.
Now to treat them well and fair,
Cookies I would bring next day.

How the roguish ducks came speeding!
Aunts and uncles waddled up,
If good Grandpa Swan were feeding,
Then their turn would come to sup.

For a lady with a basket,
One or two they watched the spot,
Then for bread or cake, to ask it —
Presto! what a precious lot!

Back to Golden Gate I'll go,
Soon, to see my family;
Such great joy 'twill be to know
Grandpa Swan remembers me!

HOW ANIMALS TAKE THEIR BATHS

HUMAN beings pay a good deal of attention to washing, but animals under natural conditions seldom wash in the sense in which we understand the verb. The contemporary press has come to the conclusion that, broadly speaking, the only creatures which wash themselves in water are the birds, and many of them — most, in fact — are absolute enthusiasts in the practice, as anyone can see, even in towns, in the case of the sparrow. Some birds, however, much prefer a shower-bath to going into water and splashing it over themselves; pigeons love a bath in the rain, and larks and cockatoos seem only to bathe in this way. It might be suggested that the high temperature of birds, which about equals fever-heat in man, accounts for this love of washing in water. The birds which do not bathe generally make up for it by dusting themselves. Everybody who keeps poultry knows, or ought to know, that one of the necessities of fowl-life is the dust bath, and the custom of using dust instead of water extends to all the

birds of the game and poultry family; while some few employ both dust and water, like the common sparrow.

Reptiles do not wash at all, but merely soak; and, in the case of beasts, deliberate washing with water seems to occur only with elephants. Females of the African elephant have been seen to daub their calves with mud and then wash it off — soaping and sluicing them, in fact. Most naked-skinned animals like to wallow, at any rate in hot weather, and so do many which are well furred; such bathing is enjoyed not only by rhinoceroses and buffaloes, but, as everyone knows, by dogs, and even by bears and by tigers.

But wallowing is not washing, and when performed in mud leaves the wallower dirtier than before, until the deposit has caked off. The equine tribe, like the game birds, favor a roll in sand, but most of the hoofed animals contrive to keep their coats in order without either dry or wet cleaning.

Many supple-bodied animals find they can do all they want by licking; such are the cat and the mouse and their respective relatives. Bats are very assiduous both in licking and scratching themselves; and the continual scratching of the monkey tribe is not so much a search for parasites as a kind of natural curry-combing.

— *The Animal World*



ALL THE WORLD LOVES A BABY

FELIX J. KOCH

LOVE them? Of course you do. It's a case of love at first sight, too, at that."

They are only wee babies, just little "dog-babies," but they're babies and, somehow, there is always something about a baby, human or canine or otherwise, that goes straight to everyone's heart.

Wherefore, just let feeding-time come for this interesting litter of puppies and their owner bring the big platter to the walk, where all who would may see them, and it's never longer than a few moments at most before crowds have gathered to watch the "pups" at their meal.

The dogs are, of course, Airedales, and about two months of age at this time. While black at birth, they have already changed their color to the brown of adult life.

Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

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The Society receives no aid from either the city or state, and the income from its invested funds pays but thirty per cent. of its annual expenses.

NOW IS OUR TIME TO DRIVE. We have stood aside for the Government Loans, the Salvation Army, the Boy Scouts, and innumerable calls from all parts of the world. At last it is necessary to speak for the four-footed friends to whom those who care for them are as their God-given allies. Our receipts for their benefit have been much curtailed because of the war.

SUMMER OF 1919

TO THE MEMBERS OF OUR SOCIETY and all lovers of justice and mercy: We appeal for help *NOW* to continue the work which for more than fifty years we have done for our patient, uncomplaining, faithful, humble associates. They may always be counted among our truest friends, and yet maimed, beaten, kicked and shamefully treated, their silent pleas are still discernible every day, and our agents — as your representatives — selected on account of their ability lawfully and efficiently to right the wrongs, are constantly busy. On the average each twenty minutes of the working hours brings a complaint of ill-treatment, and seven times the number thus investigated are examined where any cause is evident. 1949 horses were taken from work and 1360 wornout or injured horses, besides a host of smaller animals, were humanely destroyed by our men the past year.

Then there is the never-to-be-forgotten and indispensable work of the animals during the late war. Artillery and ammunition and quartermaster's supplies and other necessary service movements absolutely impossible to be made without the army of horses and done with the loss of hundreds of thousands of them; the dogs with their wonderful record of discovering and ministering to wounded men, carrying important dispatches and rendering other invaluable service so that all officers affirm the war could not have been won without these animals, — call for some expression of appreciation and gratitude. In memory of this, we have proposed a

PEACE ENDOWMENT FUND OF FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS

to care gratuitously for the present and coming generations of sick and injured animals of the poor in the Free Dispensary, which has treated more than 15,000 cases. Part of this sum may be specified for a memorial tablet which we purpose to erect. Would not some one feel it a joyous privilege to give the \$50,000 in his or her own name or in memory of some human friend or much-loved animal and have the donor's name attached to the Free Dispensary for all the years to come?

Then there is the important **FARM ENDOWMENT FUND** the interest to be used for giving tired horses free board and care at our Methuen Farm, where we are now starting to build a large stable for horses. Our regular summer watering is resumed this year.

Once more — the **FIELD AGENT'S FUND** for work with the automobile in out-of-the-way country places. Centuries ago it was written, "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." We are hunting them up in Massachusetts. This Agent has driven his car 19,806 miles; has inspected 21,350 cases; killed painlessly 183 horses and taken from work 141 more. He has found it necessary to prosecute in 92 cases and secured conviction in 87 of the 92.

Please give as liberally as possible so that we may have enough. To be able to double the number of our working agents would be a great gain for humanity.

In behalf of the Directors,

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
 EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

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